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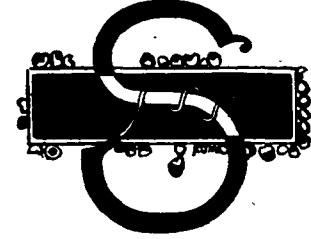
## Advesperascit.

FER gold hair crowned with crimson leaves,  
Autumn wanders along the ways,  
Where nests are songless beneath the eaves,  
And wan flowers wait in the thin gray haze;  
Southward, bedimmed, her fixed eyes gaze,  
And she hears but the rustle of withered sheaves,  
And all her longing never retrieves  
One robin, one rose of midsummer days.  
Seal thou thy heart while summer is here,  
Since nothing has worth that equals a tear:  
A sad song, scrawled when day joys wane  
And shadows throng at vesper time,  
Death finds our Life,—poor jangling rime,  
False music, and blur of pain.

A. O'M.

## The Bores of Literature.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.



INCE the days when the *Guardian* and the *Spectator* made their first timid bow to the public, periodic literature has constantly developed, until it is now pre-eminently the literature of the age. Now every department in the world of letters is represented by a magazine; every science has its chosen organs, and the newspapers, with their daily, and voluminous Sunday, editions, supply a want which was not even known when Addison and Steele began journalism. Authors, who formerly would have sought to disseminate their productions by book or pamphlet, now send them to magazines, for they know that in this way they will more surely reach the public eye. The public no longer goes a score

of miles to hear a stump-speaker expound the questions of the day, nor devours pamphlets and ponderous tomes to get at the principles of the sciences and new discoveries; no more is a trip to Europe necessary to acquaint a man with art. The magazine does all; for the magazines are condensed encyclopedias of public events, epitomes of all worth knowing.

This predominance of periodical literature, and the consequent overthrow of all previous systems, has naturally introduced new phases and conditions. The most remarkable of these productions is "the person who rushes into print." This class is essentially a product of the last two decades, for only since then has he had the power to gratify his craving. Spread through all the world, the "print-rusher's" native spot, his promised land, his Mecca, is America, for here the large number of our magazines, and the almost unlimited array of newspapers, give him facilities such as no other land affords. Here, in the land of the free, everyone is familiar with his freedom; many have personal acquaintance with members of the clan, and some may, if they search well their consciences, be forced to range themselves in its ranks.

What is the "print-rusher," and what is the difference between him and the literary hack? These two must not be considered as identical, for although they are of almost the same family, there are certain differences which elevate the hack immeasurably above the plane whereon is placed the rusher. The rusher is a person who, from an insane desire of tinsel glory, exerts all his feeble energies to having an article printed above his name. He is actuated by the same principles that led Empedocles to leap into Ætna, the vain desire to do something, no matter what, so that his name may be for the nonce in the public mouth. Were he placed

in the same times as those of the Sicilian poet, he would doubtless be forced to resort to the same expedient; but, being born in an age of progress, instead of quietly taking himself off, he inflicts himself upon the public and rushes into print.

The hack, on the contrary, actuated by no such vanities, pursues the even tenor of his way, faithfully writing on the assignments of his chief, because it is thus he makes his bread. He has this for an excuse: that bread-winning is his object; whilst the poor "print-rusher" has no extenuating circumstance to offer in defence. Both are alike the products of too much space; the editor needs a certain amount of "copy" to fill his sheets, and when high-class matter is not available, when news runs short, he falls back upon those whose sole utility is to fill vacant space. Edward Bok, in his admirable article in the *Forum*, had portrayed, in a most striking manner, the condition of the hack, the unprofitableness and lack of honor in his position, and the odium attached to it. We feel a touch of sympathy, when we think of a fellowman thus degraded by necessity: what can we think of one who voluntarily degrades himself; one who, for the sake of newspaper notoriety, does the work which a hack loathes and hates?

The literary hack realizes his position, regrets the necessity which forces him to fill space, and hopes for the brighter day when he shall be no longer compelled to drive a quill to order. Why is the "print-rusher" more blind? Why does he not realize that his work is accepted by the editor because he is so many columns short? Certainly he does not do so; for, despite considerations which should deter all, the ranks of the print-rushers are never depleted; every chance vacancy is speedily refilled. Chance vacancy—rightly is the term used, for when one becomes afflicted with this craving he never ceases until death—kind in this instance—removes him from an unappreciative world. Neither reverses, nor rejection of articles, nor anything is able to effect his cure. Even when all avenues seems closed to the gratification of his desire, he returns again to the ignoble fight, and gratifies his craving, by shining beneath glaring headlines as the man cured by the patent Sarsaparilla.

Having given a cursory glance at the general effects and characters of this disease, let us turn to the particular classes of those upon whom it has set its direful seal. For, as in an asylum for the care of the deranged, one patient

imagines that he is the King of England, while another declares that he is the Pope, and a third fears to touch his head lest it break beneath the pressure; so among these people, victims to a mental disease no less pernicious, one thinks it is his mission to enlighten the world and dispel the gloom which surrounds its thoughts on politics; a second craves to display a talent as great, if not so well known, as Shakspere's; another yearns to set aright the errors of history, and yet another desires to elucidate every subject by his articles in his college journal. These are the four great classes of the rushers—the political economist, the poet, the narrator of personal reminiscences and the college student.

The first of these is possibly the one most known to the general public. He abounds in every town which has a newspaper of its own, or even has a larger town with papers conveniently near. Hardly a paper throughout the country can be picked up without showing evidence of his existence. He is the "Vox Populi," "A Prominent Citizen," "XYZ;" he is the man, who, under each and every pseudonym, rehashes views upon questions, civil, political, economic. This habit of masquerading under a *nom de guerre* renders this species one of the most contemptible of the vast genus. Like a masked criminal, he can presume under these disguises to make lying statements and scurilous remarks without fear of receiving the chastisement he so well deserves.

Despite the fact that he conceals his name in print he is a true "rusher," and consequently cannot bear that the world should really be ignorant of his identity. Were a print-rusher to write unknown, his labors would be deprived of all their sweetness; so the "Vox" manages by telling the secret to his friends, to have it soon known throughout his little town, who the author of those biting (generally backbiting) articles really is. I have even seen cards stating that "those desirous of knowing the identity of the author of those brilliantly satirical articles, signed 'A Citizen,' in yesterday's paper, can ascertain it by calling at our office." The name is assumed only on account of the halo of mystery and romance that it casts around the performance; each "vox" and each "citizen" hopes that, like another Junius, he may stir up public and even governmental curiosity as to his identity. The members of this class appear most prominently when an election is approaching or some great political question agitates the public mind.

The recent silver debates have brought forth a most abundant crop of them; men who, assuming the name of farmers and pretending to set forth the views held by that class upon the subject, or to explain an entirely original conception of the question, rehash views given by Adam Smith and others in the infancy of political economy as a science. Every other public question has called forth a similar army, and it is fair to suppose that in the future they will not fail to hurl their chopped logic and economics broadcast at every opportunity. Some even, not content with questions of the day, which do not seem to furnish a field broad enough for their genius, have resurrected questions long since politically dead. One instance now occurs to mind: that of a young fellow who recently wrote an essay on free trade and published it in pamphlet form.

Women, especially those of the so-called new type, are beginning to enter largely into this class. Their articles are mostly confined to learned disquisitions on the tyranny of single suffrage, and on woman's right to the ballot. A sentiment of gallantry makes me glad that these ancient new ones mask, if they do not hide, their identity: I should hate to have the whole world scorn them for their lack of knowledge of all fundamental political tenets.

Next to the political scientists, the poetical warblers are perhaps the most widespread "print-rushers." Every Sunday edition of the papers fairly bristles with their laments and love-lorn sighs. They are even more pernicious in their influence than the political rushers, for they degrade the noble character of poetry, and produce on the minds of the young the idea that poetry, "the lofty language of the gods," is really hog-wash.

\* Several times, through inadvertence, or even as a test of my staying qualities, I have perused some of these voluntary contributions. Never have I found a line that was worthy of note, never a sentiment original or striking. The poem generally wanders through a maze of rhyme to end with some allusion to God, rhyming invariably with "sod" or "shod." It is surprising that such bad judgment is shown by the leading dailies, who give space to these effusions of the muses. Papers that would reject with scorn weak stories or sketches, accept willingly bits of verse to which a self-respecting child would scruple to sign his name. As long as they encourage the "print-rushers" by this conduct, the race of spring warblers will continue to increase and swell the horde of "rushers."

So far I have described the milder and less harmless kinds, I now come to that branch which is not only disagreeable, but often dishonorable as well—the relator of personal reminiscences and the corrector of history. Fortunately for the country this particular tribe appears less seldom than his brothers, yet every now and then they bob up serenely, and, unaffected by former refutations, proceed to give a beautifully romantic account of some event which they never witnessed.

The days which have passed since the Mexican war and the two earlier struggles of our country with England render it impossible to give reminiscences of them, but the civil war is still furnishing ample material for their fabrications. To judge from the number of men who are able to give authentic accounts, from personal experience, of every battle of the war, there must have been fully 20,000 men in each fight who had nothing to do but to take notes. As an instance of the *truth* of these accounts I may cite the fact that twelve accounts by sailors of the *Alabama* of the fight with the *Kearsage* have appeared in the last dozen years. An inspection disclosed the fact that not one of them was on the rolls of that ship. That papers will publish such statements is a sad commentary on the character of our press. Refutations, are, it is true, usually published when sent in, but the articles are placed beneath flaring headlines and the refutations given obscure corners. Papers North and South should cease to give space to men who boldly pervert the facts of history. If articles on various battles are desired let them be secured from those who really wore the blue or gray and not from those who never belonged to any but the army of the "print-rushers."

Our American college, justly claimed to be the nursery of so much that is good and noble, has also the unenviable distinction of being the *Alma Mater* of the "print-rushers." The vast number of the college journals which contain articles of absolutely no merit is a proof of this. Not only in the exchanges, but also in our own journal have I noticed this lamentable tendency to encourage the "rushers."

It is really mournful to watch the metamorphosis of the promising "Fresh" into a "print-rusher" that can never do aught but promise. Filled with the idea of climbing to the top of the ladder of learning and of leaving a name as a student behind him at the university, the youth enters the academic halls. But he sees the college journal; he scans the names of his

fellows inscribed as members of the staff, then the desire seizes his soul; he bids farewell to thoughts of study and, like the Romans of Horace's day, *Calet uno studio scribendi*.

From that day his doom is sealed. Wild anxiety to get an article into print replaces the noble ambition of making a name as a student, or, if that ambition yet remains, it is smothered by the amount of labor required to prepare his literary work. But even when the student has time he usually allows his work for the paper to hinder him in his studies. He begs out from the regular routine of classes in English, substituting for their useful assignments of subjects a rehash of former literary criticisms on some author. I do not wish to be understood as railing against the college paper. Nothing is better to encourage and stimulate the energies of the student. My objection is, that by accepting inferior articles, they encourage the students to pay more attention to quantity than quality, and because "print-rusher's" articles will never be of value.

The student should dread the chance of becoming a "rusher," and not spoil energies that might be useful in another sphere by making himself a mediocre writer. If he thinks he has a taste for journalism let him take it up as soon as possible, and try to get on the staff of his paper; if he recognizes his inability let him seek fame in some other line. If he has anything to say worth saying let him say it, but never paraphrase the words of some more famous critic, and string together a series of quotations merely because he likes to see his name in print and thinks it gives pleasure to his friends. Such in brief is the "print-rusher," such the man whose vanity obscures his common-sense.

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#### To His Lyre.

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(Car. xxxii., B. i.)

O Lyre, if e'er when cool green shadows throng,  
We sing what well may live this year and more,  
O come and chant, dear strings, a Latin song.

O thou first touched of Lesbian poet-hand,  
One fierce in war, yet while a shield he bore  
Or, if his sea-tossed ship was bound to land,

Yet sang of Bacchus old and muses fair,  
Of Venus clipped full close by her Babe of Love,  
Of Lycus rich in deep black eyes and hair.

O Grace of sun-crowned Phœbus, charming shell!  
Surcease of toils and joy at feast of Jove!  
Grant me reward when song is asked for well.

W. C. H.

#### The Youngest of the Rossettis.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI was a noble, true and gentle woman; a gifted, loved and honored poet. She was the youngest of that illustrious family of Rossetti, who have won the regard and praise of the English world of letters. Maria, the oldest of the family, is remembered for her valuable work, "A Shadow of Dante." Dante Gabriel Rossetti need only be mentioned to recall his fame as artist and poet. If he had left only "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," for which, it is said, Christina was his model, and "Dante and His Circle," his name would go down to posterity as famous. William Rossetti will be long known for his worthy labors and valuable translation of the *Inferno* of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He was also an art critic of no little note. It is the youngest of this famous family whom I wish to bring to your notice in this paper. She is the greatest English poetess, even greater than Mrs. Browning, her contemporary, although she is not so well known. The critics were satisfied to call Mrs. Browning poetess, but Miss Rossetti they called poet, and well does she deserve the name, if ever any woman lived to whom it could be given.

In her private life she was patient, loving and self-sacrificing. She cared tenderly for her mother, whom she dearly loved. And when her mother passed away, a shadow of sadness seemed to come over her life which ever after hung around her. She patiently nursed her aunts, Eliza and Charlotte Potidori, both of whom lived to be more than eighty years of age. When Dante Gabriel suffered so intensely from his unfortunate illness, she was a kind consoler, and often cheered and brightened his life. She seems never to have considered her writings of much importance, for she never left a duty to devote her time to the literary work she so loved. There were few persons whom she cherished as friends, and these seem to have been noted personages to whom she had become known through her brother Gabriel. It is quite evident that her works are but little read, yet the time will come when her true worth will be widely appreciated. Theodore Watts, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* (February, 1895), says: "The

time will come—it must come—when every authoritative word about one so beloved, every scrap of testimony from every witness, howsoever unworthy, will be accounted sacred by those to whom poetry is almost a religion." And again he says: "To know her was an education of the heart and a purifying of the soul." At the age of twelve, Christina Rossetti wrote some verse and at sixteen her first book of poems was published.

In the study of her poetry one finds some rough lines which jolt and jar. There can be detected through much of her verse a melancholy tone carried through the current of the thought. This might be called by some a fault, but to me it only makes it deeper and richer. However, there is considerable obscurity about her lines for which she must be blamed. Many of her poems have strange forms, which are original with Miss Rossetti, and some of them are ill-adapted to the English language.

The "Goblin Market" is probably the most popular of her poems. It attracts one by its happy jingle and vivid picture of life. Though very charming, it lacks the true ring of poetry. The following lines will give one an idea of its style:

"Laughed every goblin  
When they spied her peeping;  
Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Moping and mowing,  
Pulling wry faces,  
Demure grimaces."

"The Prince's Progress" is another of her longer poems, which gives one a better knowledge of the characteristics of the poet. "The Convent Threshold" is a very strong poem, which has much real poetic beauty in it. Other poems which might be especially mentioned for their poetic passages are "A Pageant," "A Royal Princess," and "Maiden-Song." Miss Rossetti has left to the world a number of excellent sonnets; perfect gems, which contain more true art than any of her other forms of verse. Among her sonnets "The World," "On the Wing" and "Love Lies Bleeding" are specimens.

Her songs and carols are bright and charming; they sparkle and run merrily. The following is one of her pretty little lyrics:

"O roses for the flush of youth,  
And laurel for the perfect prime;  
But pluck an ivy branch for me  
Grown old before my time.

"O violets for the grave of youth,  
And bay for those in their prime;  
Give me the withered leaves I chose  
Before in the old time."

We find true poetry and art in her devotional pieces. At once she seems to leave the earth and become spiritual in her marvellous inspiration. As a writer in the *Catholic World* (October, 1876) expressed it:—"In her devotional poems she is another woman. As she sinks, her poetry rises, and gushes up out of the heart to Heaven in strains so sad, sweet, tender and musical that a saint might envy." Of these pieces, "The Three Enemies"—"the Flesh," "the World" and "the Devil"—is a wonderfully strong poem and shows deep religious thought. The poet's love of Christ, the knowledge of the weakness of the flesh, the vanity of the world and the power of the devil are beautifully shown in this poem. "Good Friday" is touching in its sentiment, which points out how deeply the woman thought of the great sacrifice Christ made for mankind. The first stanza of this poem is:

"Am I a stone and not a sheep  
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy Cross,  
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,  
And yet not weep?"

Her devotional pieces contain much poetic beauty, grace, pathos and often sublimity.

On the occasion of her death, December 29, 1894, Swinburne inscribed to her honor a poem entitled "A New Year's Eve," in which he paid her a loving tribute. In one stanza he says:

"A soul more sweet than morning of new-born May  
Has passed with the year that has passed from the  
world away.

A song more sweet than morning's first-born song  
Again will hymn not among us a new year's day."

Her poems are really great, and I hope we shall see the time when the works of Christina Rossetti will be in use in the library of every true lover of the beautiful.

#### Love Compensating.

(*Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht bekomm'en.*)

Be still, my heart, and cease complaining,  
And contented bear thy fate;  
The coming Spring will mitigate  
All wrongs through Winter still remaining.

Although you grieved, some joy is left,  
The world e'en now is fair and good;  
Remember that,—befall what could,—  
Of love, of love, you are ne'er bereft.

J. V. S

## Varsity Verse.

## THE DREAM UNIVERSAL.

**T**HE artist stood at the dawn of youth  
His heart by a mad hope fanned,  
And he said to Fame—Before I die  
I will paint the bended bow in the sky,  
And the fierce storm-cloud as it hurries by,  
In colors sublime and grand—  
And the world will pause and wonder and look  
At the touch of a master-hand.

The sailor's son, as he stood by the sea,  
And gazed on its fathomless deep,  
Saw again the black night when his father died,  
And swore he would yet o'er the ocean ride  
To conquer the storm-gods, wild in their pride,  
As over the waters they sweep;  
And knowing the pilot, his wife and his babes  
Would peacefully, peacefully sleep.  
  
But the artist's canvas is white and bare,  
And waits for a lifeless hand;  
And the bonny boy sailor rests far from the sea  
In his own and his native land.  
For this is the course of human life—  
Few are the victors in the strife,  
And the struggle itself soon o'er;  
Alone, forgotten, we drift away,  
Like the fall of twilight, the close of day,  
To an undiscovered shore.

R. S. S.

## AFTER THOUGHT.

In gloomy silence the bells were hushed,  
While in the tomb our Saviour lay;  
His sufferings were over now;  
His mighty will had won the day.  
  
But now the bells are loudly chiming,  
Proclaiming, all with one accord,  
The mystery of our redemption,  
The resurrection of the Lord.

G. F. P.

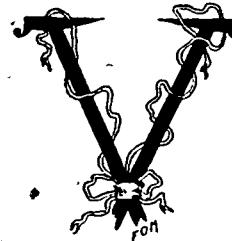
## PIKE'S PEAK.

Aloft I stand in freedom's land  
Where freedom's beacon found me;  
I rear my crest above the rest  
Of my brother mountains round me.  
In vain I try to reach the sky—  
As children grasp for shadows—  
With the stars that sleep in their unknown deep  
Like butter-cups in the meadows.  
  
The dawn first glows on the drifted snows  
That my rocky brow encumber,  
And the sunsets streak my icy peak  
When the land is wrapt in slumber.  
On my rugged steeps the forest sleeps,  
Where the hunted deer find cover;  
And the storm-clouds rest on my shaggy breast  
When their anger and tears are over.  
  
Yet though a surprise to human eyes,  
And though homage men have paid me,  
I am but a sign of a power divine—  
The power of Him who made me.

W. P. B.

## A Skee Tournament.

HORACE A. WILSON, '97.



ERY few persons, I suppose, have ever witnessed a "Skee Tournament." Many do not know the meaning of the word "skee," and are not familiar with the facts concerning the origin and introduction of "skeeing" in this country. One will not wonder at this when it is remembered that the sport is limited to particular localities, and that the word "skee" is to be found only in a few modern dictionaries and encyclopedias. The *Century Dictionary* defines a "skee" as a wooden runner of tough wood, from five to ten feet long, an inch or an inch and a half thick at the middle, but thinner towards the end; an inch wider than the shoes of the user, and turned up in a curve at the front. This definition, while a good one, is incorrect in as far as it limits the kind of wood used in the construction of the runner, for the wood may be either soft or hard. The shoes by a peculiar arrangement are so fastened to the feet that they may be thrown off if need be at the approach of danger. Beginners, as a rule, are glad to make use of this arrangement, but those who are more proficient usually strap the "skees" on securely.

"Skeeing" had its origin in Norway and Sweden, where, owing to the numerous hills and the long winter seasons, the sport became very popular. It was introduced into this country by the Scandinavians, especially the Norwegians, who have a great fondness for it, and are generally adepts at it. Although they have introduced the sport in every northern state in which they have settled, we hear comparatively little of it except in Minnesota and certain portions of Wisconsin and Michigan. In Minnesota, "skeeing" has become especially popular; it has taken a firm hold there, and is counted among the chief delights of winter.

As a result of this popularity, organizations, known as "skee clubs," have been formed in different cities; these clubs meet once a year at some appointed place for the purpose of holding a "skee tournament." This consists in a contest between the different clubs for supremacy, and the championship honors are also awarded.

at these meetings. The rivalry among the clubs is often very strong, and this fact, of course, always heightens the interest. The enthusiasm shown at the contests is very great, and the people of the city in which the tournament is to be held, give themselves up to the preparation for the coming event.

I remember particularly a "skee tournament" that was held some time ago in a small city of Minnesota. Great inducements had been offered in the way of prizes, and rumor said that all the best skee-runners would be in attendance. This proved to be true, and train after train brought in the different clubs as well as individual skee-runners of the latter class. I remember particularly two who came from northern Michigan. Their "skees" were exceedingly long, and they had a certain air of mystery about them which attracted attention especially among the small boys who became confident that they would win most of the prizes. Later events, however, showed that appearances had been deceitful, for the best of the two "favorites" got only second place in the contests.

Early in the afternoon the clubs marched up to the place where the skee-run was to be made, presenting as they went along, a picturesque sight in their different colored suits. Each club had its distinct uniform and carried its own banners. Arriving at the selected spot, they dispersed to get their respective numbers which they fastened to their breasts in order to avoid confusion or mistake as to their turns in the contest.

The place where the tournament was held will bear description. It was on the side of a long sloping hill which was completely covered with snow, and presented a great smooth surface of dazzling white. Some distance from the base of the hill, what is called a "bump" had been constructed. This consisted of a compact mass of hardened snow about ten feet in height, upon which was a spring-board. Over this, again, was placed a layer of snow so levelled as almost to form an obtuse angle with the slope of the hill. For some sixty feet below the "bump" fresh snow had been thickly spread; this was to prevent any of the contestants injuring themselves should they fall. On either side, for about twenty feet, ropes were stretched from the "bump" to the base of the hill, thus giving a long and unobstructed stretch upon which to alight after the leap from the "bump." Behind the ropes were gathered the spectators, as well as some of the skee-runners, and all

were impatiently waiting for the judge to open the tournament. The welcome sign was at last given, a shout arose, and all eyes turned to the top of the hill where "number one" was preparing to start. At the tournament of which I speak, "Number One" happened to be the champion skee-runner of the world; he had defeated not only all the men in this country, but also the best "runners" in Norway.

In his right hand he held a stick which he used, probably as a balance, and at the signal from the judge, he took several short, quick strides to increase his momentum, and came rushing down the hill at a break-neck speed. He kept his limbs perfectly rigid so as to hold the skees in parallel lines. As he reached the "bump" his body gradually bent forward and assumed a crouching position. As he passed over the "bump," he gave a mighty leap into the air and his body straightened out, but just before striking the earth, assumed again the crouching position. As his skees smote the snow his knees bent under the strain, but he quickly recovered himself and glided on down the slight incline to its base.

The shock of striking is very great, and causes many to lose their balance; others lose their balance when leaping from the "bump," and consequently fall to the ground in a rather undignified manner. Often a special prize is given to the one who falls the greatest number of times, and thus the misfortune is somewhat assuaged. The figures that the unfortunate "runners" presented as they fell to the ground were often very ridiculous and, of course, called forth loud laughter from the spectators.

The jump of each skee-runner was measured, and each had an equal number of trials; the prizes were awarded according to the lengths of the different jumps. At the tournament of which I speak, "Number One" cleared one hundred and two feet, thus breaking the world's record for the long jump.

Towards the close of the tournament the younger generation competed for prizes, and the skill of these and the distances covered by some of them was truly wonderful considering their ages and sizes.

The last trial was run late in the afternoon, and after it was ended the crowd left the field. At seven o'clock in the evening, however, they again assembled for the reception which is always tendered the visiting skee-clubs. Here the prizes were presented to the winners and short addresses and music marked the close of the tournament.

## Two of Shakspere's Women.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

 T is a well-known fact that no literature, ancient or modern, has surpassed Shakspere's wonderful conceptions of human character. It is also conceded that his portrayal of men is as much superior to his painting of maids and women as man is superior to woman. From whatever view-point we consider either, with regard to their truth to nature, a flaw is scarcely ever detected. They are living, breathing creatures of flesh and blood. Certainly no genius before or since Shakspere's time, has understood the complex nature of woman better than he. The queen wielding her sceptre, with a gentle or cruel sway, is treated by this master artist's pen with the same fidelity to truth as is the gentle shepherdess, happy alike in her homespun and in the care of her flocks. Shakspere's despicable women are most carefully analyzed. The axiom that a bad woman is worse than a bad man is well shown in such monsters of cruelty as Regan, Goneril and Lady Macbeth.

But of all his creations, the women which claim our admiration most are those noble characters in whom are reflected the most beautiful of womanly traits. Of the latter class two have always held my especial sympathy, one for her intellectual acumen, adorned with all the most admirable feminine graces, the other for her weakness and misfortune—two opposites, Portia and Ophelia. Portia is Shakspere's grandest woman. She is at once the most scholarly and the most womanly of all his characters. We first meet her in her Belmont home, talking to her maid Nerissa. Who has not felt the charm of that meeting? One is suddenly conscious of the fact that he is in the presence of a superior woman. She captivates by a continual though unobtrusive display of her many accomplishments. Her discourse is ever thoughtful, and her words, in consequence, are words of wisdom. Her sense of the humorous is very striking, and previous to their departure to attend Antonio's trial, she gives us a fine example of it. Portia and Nerissa are discussing the probability of their disguises being detected by their husbands:

"I hold thee any wager  
When we are both accoutréed as young men  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace

And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine, bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honorable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,  
And wish for all that, that I had not killed them.  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;  
That men shall swear I've discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth. I've within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,  
Which I will practise."

Mr. Hudson aptly remarks on this passage: "How charmingly it sets off the divine rapture of eloquence, with which she discourses to the Jew, of mercy." She certainly understands the nature of many boys, just merging from the state of youth into that of manhood. The "divine rapture of eloquence" is one of the most strikingly beautiful passages to be found in Shakspere. Its charm and worth do not consist alone in the thought-gems contained in almost every line, but in the remarkable evenness of the blank verse which expresses these thoughts. "The quality of mercy is not strained," is so well known by every one, that to quote it in full would not be complimentary to any reader. The more one studies this passage the more does one become enthralled by its sweetness and beauty. In this instance Shakspere is certainly at his best. It is hard to imagine how a human being could possess a heart so callous as to resist such a plea. For the first time we lose sight of the personality of Portia. We think only of her words.

Another side of Portia's character is seen in her home-life. Here she seems to be in her proper sphere; here is she most loved. We cannot help seeing those beautiful domestic qualities which shine so conspicuously in our mothers and sisters fully developed in Portia. Her graceful and generous hospitality puts her guests at ease. She lightens their troubles by her cheering words of encouragement. In a word, she is the good guardian angel of all.

Ophelia, at whom I propose to glance in this paper, is, in most respects, a direct contrast to Portia. Certainly she is no less feminine than the latter, but she lacks her wonderful will purpose and knowledge. Although Ophelia lives in a court of corruption, she is unconscious of the iniquity which surrounds her. Hudson compares her to Imogen, with this difference, that the latter knew of the crimes which were continually committed in her midst, and accordingly hated them with all the intensity of a woman's hate. This is only one of the many

ways in which Shakspere has shown himself a consummate artist.

The manner in which Ophelia becomes insane is a picture of pathos not often surpassed even by Shakspere himself. She is stung by Hamlet's sudden coldness towards her, and her simple nature at once thinks herself the cause. She ponders this thought from day to day until we notice, with infinite pity, that Ophelia is going mad. It is scarcely just to lay all the blame on Hamlet for this. It is true he has caused a beautiful blossom to wither before its flowering, but is not his loftiest ideal shattered in his mother's sin? Ophelia's condition from this on cannot fail to touch our most sympathetic heart-strings. The very manner of her madness is the height of pathos. Her every action is in perfect keeping with the character of a gentle lunatic. Observation of such persons furnish ample proof of this. Ophelia's death is the fitting culmination of a touching life. Mr. Hudson makes a very just summary of her character: "The space Ophelia fills in the reader's thoughts is strangely disproportionate to that which she fills in the play. Her very silence utters her; unseen she is missed, and so thought of the more; in her absence she is virtually present in what others bring from her. Laertes is scarce regarded but that he loves his sister; of Hamlet's soul too she is the sunrise and the morning hymn. It is in such forms that Heaven most frequently visits us."

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#### Books and Magazines.

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**NEW FACES AND OLD.** By Francis J. Finn, S. J.  
B. Herder: St. Louis.

This latest publication of Rev. Father Finn's popular stories for young people is fully up to the high standard of that charming writer. Father Finn's boys are all live, healthy, good-hearted, mischievous, American boys, and not the spoiled darlings which are the heroes of so many writers of juvenile stories. There is a touch of idealism in his boys which heightens their charm without detracting from their naturalness. "Tom Playfair" and "Claude Lightfoot," those healthy young rascals, appear again in this little volume and are as interesting and full of adventures as ever. These stories were written especially for young folks, but even an adult would heartily enjoy them. Father Finn knows how to please and at the same time to instruct. His stories teach a good lesson without seeming to be intended for any other

purpose than the amusement of the reader. Parents could not find better stories than those of Father Finn's to amuse their children.

—A useful little book is "The Following of Christ" recently published by Benziger Bros. It is translated from the original Latin text by Dr. Challoner. Appended to each chapter are practical reflections which serve as corollaries to the text. Added to the work of Thomas à Kempis there are Devotions for Mass, Instructions for Confession and Communion and Morning and Evening Prayers. Its exterior is handsome and, on the whole, it is the most convenient edition we have seen of that ever interesting, ever beautiful book, "The Following of Christ."

—Rev. Dr. Zahm's three articles, "Leo XIII. and Science," "Leo XIII. and Social Science," and "Leo XIII. and Astronomy," which were published in *The North American Review*, *The Catholic University Bulletin* and *The Cosmopolitan* have been translated into Italian and issued in book form by Father Luigi Capelli at Siena. Prof. Zahm's "Bible, Science and Faith" has also been brought out in Italian by the Tipografia San Bernardino at Siena.

—That sober, earnest, serious magazine, the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* is this month full of good things. In all the papers which Mr. Mosher has put together in the March number there is a prevailing tone of scholarship and reflection. The *Review* is a clear exponent of Catholic philosophy, history, art and literature. Month after month it grows stronger, and the reader who is interested in it grows robust in judgment and thought. The first place is given this month to an article entitled "Realism and Photography." The writer bewails—and with justice, we fear—the unhealthy condition of the literature of the present day. Photography, not art, is the business of a great many writers. She says: "One has to meet so many stupid people in real life, see so much that is ugly, have forced upon one's notice something of the bad, why not enjoy in fiction the society of well-bred and clever people, listen to conversation that is witty and wise?" Dr. Pallen continues his valuable articles on St. Thomas à Becket and the Zeit-Geist. An admirable paragraph is that in which is described the sentence of banishment which Henry pronounces against the saint and his relatives. "The Persecution under Domitian" is the subject of Jean Mack's March paper. The monotony of closely filled pages is broken by a good poem, "The Message," from the pen of B. Ellen Burke.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Staff.

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ELMER J. MURPHY, '97;	SHERMAN STEELE, '97;
JAMES BARRY,	Reporters.
FRANCIS O'MALLEY,	
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

—It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of the father of our former Staff-Director, the Rev. William Moloney, C.S.C. Mr. Moloney had many friends at the University who will be grieved to learn of his passing. With them the Staff joins in extending to Father Moloney assurances of heart-felt sympathy with him in his bereavement. Here, too, we print these

### RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to his eternal reward the beloved father of our Reverend President, Father Moloney; and

WHEREAS: Our hearts go out to him in sympathy in his great sorrow; be it; therefore,

RESOLVED: That we, the members of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society, tender him and his mourning family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence; and be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

PETER KUNTZ, W. MONAHAN,  
E. J. GAINER, G. KRUG,—Committee.

—When it was learned that Dr. Zahm had been ordered by the Superior-General to Rome, much interest was aroused among the students, especially among the members of the class of Physics. To show their good-will and to present their good wishes, several of the students met on

the eve of Dr. Zahm's departure in the college parlor. Messrs. Steele and Brennan made brief addresses to Dr. Zahm, congratulating him on his past achievements and wishing him future successes. To these Dr. Zahm replied in the kindest terms, and with his acknowledgments of the students' good wishes, he gave all some wholesome advice about their work. He concluded by hoping to see all his students soon again. He would not, therefore, say good-bye or farewell, but only *auf wiedersehen*.

—Poor old Herakles! He has little cause to be proud of his degenerate country men. A double quartette of hardy young Yankees have invaded Attica, and borne off the crowns of wild olive from the Greeks and all the world. Half of them are college boys who wear the tiger-stripes of Princeton; the other four are from Boston; and together they have managed to carry off far more than their share. Perhaps it is the mission of our college athletes to teach our European cousins that Americans are sportsmen for the love of sport. Our college men are our representative athletes, and every American has a share in the honor of their victories. Great are the men of Nassau and Boston, deservedly great!

—If there is a book unique among books, it is "Tom Brown's School Days." For forty years and more, it has been the story best loved of English and American lads, and as long as healthy, clear-eyed little men are born into the world, it will have no rival among "boys' books." It is rarely that the fame of a writer is divorced so absolutely from that of his work, that the book becomes all but anonymous; yet such was the fate that befell Thomas Hughes, whose death occurred a fortnight ago in England. Perhaps it is because boys remember the titles of their favorite tales, and religiously forget who wrote them that few young men in knickerbockers know who was the creator of Tom Brown. And even among older persons,—so lasting are the impressions received in childhood—Judge Hughes was virtually a man of one book. His essays and novels are never mentioned; he is simply the man who wrote "Tom Brown's School Days." If it is true that no man can put into a story what he has not in himself, Mr. Hughes must have been an ideal man.

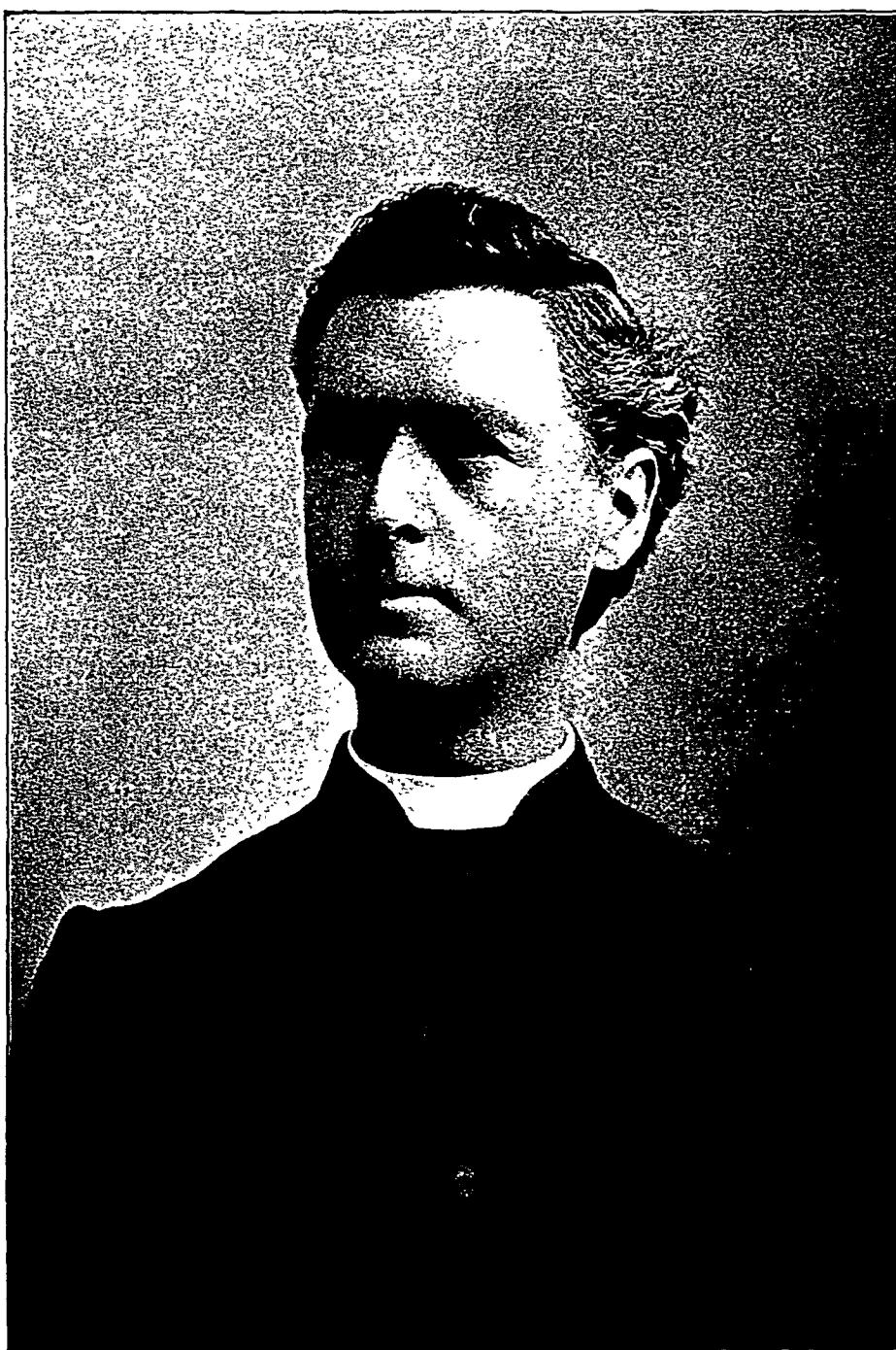
## Brother Celestine, C. S. C.

On Tuesday morning the service flag fluttered half-way up the staff on the Campus, stopped there and streamed out in the sunlight; and every student and professor who saw it knew that Brother Celestine was dead. His death was sudden though not unlooked for. A week ago he was at his desk in the Students' Office, a little pale and worn, perhaps, but cheerful and pleasant as ever, and no one even dreamed that before the week was out his life-work would be ended. He was of the sort whose death comes always as a shock to friends and acquaintances. He never complained, or made much of his pains; he never intruded his own personality upon the public, and when he was cut down, apparently in his very prime, his passing seemed a mystery to many. His health had never been rugged, and after the first slow failing, the collapse came swift upon the announcement of his illness. Acute pneumonia set in and his struggle with death was brief. He died as he had lived, quietly and peacefully, with his friends about him, master of himself to the last. And the sorrow at his death was deep and heartfelt, for all at Notre Dame knew him and loved him for his gentle soul and kindly ways.

He was a lad of eighteen, whom men knew

as Francis McAlaine, when he left his home and bright prospects in Philadelphia to enter the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. That was in '63, when the war-clouds hung low to the south, and the war was hardly ended before Brother Celestine was Assistant Secretary of Notre Dame. Than this there is no more trying position in the college, and the wonder of it is that after thirty years' service

as such, Brother Celestine's nature was as sunny and unwarped as when he took up his duties in '65. He saw much of the students and they saw much of him, and it is the best testimony to the man's worth that of the thousands and tens of thousands who came in contact with him there is not one who has not some pleasant memory of him. It is no easy task to manage without friction boys of all ages and conditions, but there was something magnetic and inspiring about the man, and the smallest Minim felt its influence and answered as readily to it as did his brothers of Sorin Hall.



BROTHER CELESTINE, C. S. C.

The life of a religious, especially such a one as was Brother Celestine, is uneventful, and the student of his career need burden his memory with no dates. The years ran on; Notre Dame grew and her sons increased in number; generation after generation of students came and tarried and went away to call her their *Alma Mater*, and not one of them had known anything but kindness from Brother Celestine. He

was made Secretary of the University, then Treasurer, but his duties never varied, and when he resigned and begged that he might be permitted again to serve as Assistant Secretary, no one noticed the change. And the circle of his friends grew larger with the passing years; and there were sad hearts in more than one state, last Tuesday, when the news of his death was spread over the land.

His funeral, fittingly enough, was almost a military one; and he who had been in life a true soldier of the cross was borne to his grave last Thursday to the music of wailing trumpets and muffled drums. The procession formed in the Rotunda, and, headed by the Band, swept around "the heart" to the church. The military companies were the guard of honor surrounding the casket and its bearers, six of the dead Brother's dearest friends. Many flowers had been sent in, arm-loads of calla lilies among them, and the Sorin Cadets carried each a lily instead of a musket. The interior of the church was draped in black, and the gloom of the day added yet another touch to the sombreness of the scene.

Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Very Reverend President Morrissey, assisted by the Reverend Fathers French and Regan. Father Hudson's sermon was a rarely beautiful and touching one. It was not an eulogy of the dead man so much as a call to the higher and purer life which he had lived. And then when the last "Requiescat" had been said the long black line re-formed and paced slowly on to the Community graveyard, where we have laid, during the last few years, more than one who, like Brother Celestine, had endeared himself to the hearts of his student-friends. With bowed heads, the crowd gave the responses to the last prayers, the coffin was lowered between the walls of clay, and another simple black cross was raised to mark another grave. And who will say that it was wrong to think of the old proverb "Who buried is while rain-drops fall hath comfort found in Heaven?" We have good reason to thank God that men such as Brother Celestine are still to be found in this money-getting, soul-ignoring age of ours—men whose lives are trumpet-calls to the battle-shock for Christ and the right. He gave his life and his labor to our *Alma Mater*, gave it freely and confidently, and his name will long be a sweet memory at Notre Dame.

D. V. C.

#### On Easter Monday.

It has been aptly and truly said that judicious praise is an incentive to noble action, that only he who does what he can would do more if he could. It is indeed a fact that appreciation of what is good is the first step towards the attainment of excellence. Nothing but words of praise can be written of those who participated in one of the most enjoyable *musicales* ever given at Notre Dame. The large and fashionable audience that assembled in Washington Hall on Easter Monday afternoon surely had their musical tastes more distinctly elevated. Their appreciation of true melody and deep musical feeling must have been strengthened. There was a home-like warmth pervading the entertainment and surroundings which added greatly to its charm. The stage settings were admirable and complete in all their appointments and richness of floral decorations. The display was tasteful, and the selections had been so harmoniously arranged as to arouse the admiration of all. The most exacting music-lovers in the audience were charmed: from the standpoint of the concert-goer the selections were superior to those given by many professional troupes. The advanced students in music at the University participated in the first part of the entertainment. To our artistic friends from South Bend are we indebted for the pleasing last half of the *musical*. Our deep appreciation of their graciousness and talented efforts cannot be measured.

Promptly at three o'clock the entertainment was opened by the University Orchestra. In the rendering of the Wiegand's "Robin Hood" the orchestra force did its daintiest bowing, while the cornet and flute strains were given with true artistic interpretation.

The vocal solo, "Happy Birds," rendered by Mr. Horace A. Wilson, must have given perfect satisfaction to all the listeners. His voice, strong and pure, shows the effect of well-directed cultivation. His expression was excellent. He was accompanied in a highly satisfactory manner on the piano by Mr. F. Dukette.

The clarinet solo, serenade, "Dream Land," by Mr. John W. Forbing, accompanied by Mr. J. V. O'Brien, proved to be the most enjoyable feature of the entertainment. The vocal quartette song, "The Sweetest Time for Dreaming," was very creditable, the harmonious blending of their voices justifying the hearty applause which they received. Mr. Edward J. Rauch

fulfilled the expectations centred upon him. His rendering of Popp's "Fantasie" for the flute added fresh laurels to his wreath.

The trio—violin, cornet and piano, composed of Messrs. Barton, O'Brien and Dukette, in a difficult transcription from "Tannhauser," scored a decided success. These ambitious and talented young men performed in a manner worthy of the great composition. Messrs. A. Fera and Horace A. Wilson in the vocal duet, "Till We Meet Again," filled the auditorium of the theatre with a rich volume of sound, their well-modulated voices blending most sweetly.

It devolved upon the University Mandolin Orchestra to bring to a fitting close the first part of the entertainment, with the melodious strains of Preston's concert waltz, "The Bells."

The University Orchestra opened the second part of the entertainment. Preston's "Philopatrian's Yorke" was as magnificently rendered as it was meant to be. We were deprived of the pleasure of listening to the mixed quartette, and the "Haydn Ladies Quartette" owing to the illness of one of the members. With regard to Mrs. Dr. C. Butterworth, it is especially gratifying to apply the text "Chant the beauty of the good," in her exquisite rendering of Braga's "Angels' Serenade." Perfect ease, grace and charm were evidenced in her singing, her rich and mellow tones falling in graceful cadences which became sweeter as they proceeded. She was thoroughly artistic, and in her beautiful solo, her motif was fine.

Mr. F. Ingersoll deserves unstinted praise. His exquisite touch, graceful bowing and accurate rendition of the most intricate passages convinced his delighted audience that he is a musician to his very core. In his rendition of De Beriot's 7th concerto, his audience was captivated by the subtle charm of his playing.

Mrs. Mathews delighted all whose fortune it was to be within earshot, the modulation of her well-trained voice and her artistic interpretation of her theme eliciting from the audience a well merited acknowledgment. Her aria from "Lucia de Lammermoor" was admirably rendered. Mr. Sefton who played the accompaniments of the second part is a master of the art.

We have reserved our pleasantest task for the last. All the praise that was bestowed on the participants reflects, of course, on Professor Preston, who planned the *musicale*. Our memories of the pleasant entertainment of Easter Monday afternoon will be tinged with thankfulness to him, to whose efforts we are indebted for the treat bestowed on us.

J. G. M.

#### Exchanges.

"Cleopatra" in the *Otterbein Ægis* is a composition of wonderful texture. With an introduction that would do justice to a history of the universe by a Macaulay, it has a body and an ending unworthy of a grammar school-girl; after leading us to expect one of the grandest and most penetrative essays on Cleopatra, it descends to the farce of telling us that this woman was wicked but charming; like a caricature of a man in one of those papers that will be witty, it is all head without room for a body. Moreover, we do not see what Cleopatra or the Ptolemies had to do with the glories of ancient Egypt. Ancient Egypt became a thing of the past when Alexander conquered it. And Cleopatra, as a woman, may have made her country a voluptuous trap, but she added nothing to its history as a queen.

The article on journalism is a very fine effort, indeed, and if it is the *bona fide* work of a student of '97 he may consider his education in English essay-writing completed. As soon as he graduates he will be fit to spring into the editorial chair of the first newspaper in the world. But, among the effects of the invention of printing, we learn that "to the trembling Belshazzar of superstition the shadow of the printing press was the handwriting on the wall, which foretold the subversion of the ancient kingdom of darkness." If we mistake not it was this trembling Belshazzar who welcomed with open arms the printing press on the morrow after its invention and treated it so munificently that the very stronghold of his kingdom of darkness became one of its centres. Of a truth, it would take another invention of printing to dispel the darkness of bigoted ignorance that still hangs before the minds of many.

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The *Hamilton College Monthly* present a series of articles interesting in matter and developed with carefulness and felicity. "Shakspere's Women" especially is noticeable for success in the grouping of characters and correctness and ease of treatment. The young lady in the exchange department likes the SCHOLASTIC because "it does not devote a column to such rubbish as explaining how to kiss a 'little girl,' which is positively disgusting." This remark shows common-sense (if nothing else). It is to be hoped that the SCHOLASTIC will never waste time on little girls.

## Personals.

—Among the visitors at the University at Easter were Miss Edna Reuss and Miss Loreto Dreier of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Chicago, Ill., were visiting their son Cecil, of St. Edward's Hall, during the past week.

—Master Albert Newell, of Carroll Hall, entertained his parents at Easter, Mr. and Mrs. John Newell, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. McBride of Chicago, Ill., paid a pleasant visit to their sons, Paul, Louis and John of St. Edward's Hall, during the Easter holidays.

—Mr. Garrity, one of Chicago's prominent merchants, spent Easter Sunday visiting his sons McNellis and Leo, of St. Edward's Hall, and his daughter of St. Mary's Academy.

—Among our most welcome visitors at the Easter Monday *musical* were Rev. Fathers Malone, of Denver, Colo., and Gore of St. Joseph, Michigan. Father Malone is the editor of the *Colorado Catholic* and is a lecturer of great ability, as those who heard his lecture on Ingersoll last fall can well testify. Father Gore is one of Michigan's most popular and talented clergymen. Both the reverend gentlemen are always most welcome at Notre Dame, and we trust that their future visits may be long and frequent.

—On Thursday, March 2, at his home in Superior, Wis., Mr. Vincent Roy peacefully passed to a better life. Mr. Roy was a pioneer of the Northwest, a staunch Catholic and a firm friend of Notre Dame. He was steadfast to his faith all through his long life even during the times when to be a Catholic was always to be in fear of insult or violence. He was a model citizen, ever foremost in every charitable and religious work. He is mourned by hosts of friends, and all of his fellow citizens. May he rest in peace!

—News of our "Hal" is always interesting, therefore we print the following clippings, the first one about his brother Ed Jewett (B. S. '94).

"Harry Jewett, the noted sprinter, has a brother who recently ran his first quarter in fifty-one seconds and beat him in the 100 by two yards."

The second clipping is a little irrelevant, but it shows that Hal's fame is spread from ocean to ocean:

"An apparently unsophisticated chap introduced himself at the Olympic club in San Francisco the other day as Detroit's retired crack sprinter, Harry Jewett. They did not do a thing but give him the run of the club, feed him a few French dinners, and tender him all kinds of hospitalities. The sublime joke of it all was discovered when a friend of Harry's came in and asked for his ex-chum's address. A description was given and the chap was discovered to be an impostor. The real Harry Jewett is still in Detroit. The other fellow is—heaven only knows where."

## Local Items.

—Pay your Athletic dues.

—Jenaro has quitted the circus.

—S—r says that it is time for Lowery to return.

—That white "Easter bonnet" was the prettiest of all.

—FOUND—A pen-knife—Owner call at room No. 42, Sorin Hall.

—Herr Schmidt and force are doing fine work on the diamond.

—One of the "guards" did clever work on the side lines at last Sunday's game.

—The Terriers met the Carroll Specials on the 5th and were defeated by a score of 14-11.

—John Dowd returned from a tour of eastern Illinois and will be at home hereafter, at No. 39, Paradise Alley, Brownson Hall.

—William Waldorf was surprised to find strangers occupying his "box" at the last concert.

—The boat club will have a new pier when they begin practice on the lake. A pile-driver is now at work driving the supports.

—On account of the severe weather the "Terriers" have been returned to the "cage;" they are under the care of the trainer.

—The Brownson students enjoyed a walk to the Cedar Grove Cemetery Sunday evening last. It was the *first* walk of the season.

—It is not always safe to stand "posing" in a prominent corner of the campus or yard, for the small boy with the pocket-kodak goeth about seeking whom he may shoot.

—The Minim Gymnastic classes gave an exhibition which is a credit to their instructor. An Indian club and wand drill and the tumbling of the Bresanden brothers were especially good.

—Brownson Hall men no longer sit in the "club-room" and smoke, but occupy the new settees on the lawn in front of it. Do not throw cigar stubs on the grass or into the shrubbery.

—"Did you notice," said Costello to the Count, "how Bones started when Miller entered the reading-room?"—"No," answered the Count. "Can you explain the reason?"—"Why, he started for Science Hall." And the Count marked up the exact number of billiards he had made.

—A brutal crime was committed Easter Sunday in Brennan's room. Space will not permit us to describe the horrible butchery in detail, so we shall merely outline the facts as follows: The Doctor asked: "Wasn't there a perceptible falling off of birds this season in the trimming of Easter bonnets?" "Yes," said the murderer, gasping, "it seems there's nothing left now but the bills."

—The Captain of the Terriers' baseball team has turned his attention from possible fame on the "diamond," and is now organizing a society for the prevention of bad singing. A mass meeting was held for this purpose Thursday evening, but the prefect's bell moved an adjournment before the constitution and by-laws were adopted. The "Campus Choral Club" was proposed as a fit name for the society, but this was opposed on the grounds that no professional singer was supposed to become a member. A committee of twenty-seven was appointed to search the library for a becoming title for the club, and further particulars will be given if the next meeting comes off peacefully.

—Who said the Class of '96 was dead? It's a mistake or a libel, as you please. If you saw them a few days ago, when somebody had ignored them or something of that sort, you would conclude that they were very much alive. Why, they even moved about—and they talked to the accompaniment of violent gestures and some of them appeared apoplectic for a second or two. They had secret meetings, too, and no man knoweth what passed within their star-chamber. There were whispers and signs and hurried consultations. Scouts were ever on the watch. At the least sound they started like men afraid. But fear and interest have gone and left '96 to enjoy its quiet little sleep, from which we hope there will be an awakening.

—We print the programme of last Monday's *Musical*.

#### PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture—"Robin Hood".....	<i>Wiegand</i>
University Orchestra.	
Vocal Solo—"Happy Birds".....	<i>Holst</i>
Horace A. Wilson—Accompanist, F. F. Dukette.	
Clarinet Solo—Serenade—"Dreamland".....	<i>Cox</i>
John W. Forbing—Accompanist, J. Vic O'Brien.	
Vocal Quartette—"Sweetest Time for Dreaming,".....	<i>Hodgman</i>
Messrs. Fera, Wilson, Barton, Kegler.	
Flute Solo—Fantasie.....	<i>W. Popp</i>
Edward J. Rauch—Accompanist, J. Vic. O'Brien.	
Trio—Violin, Cornet, and Piano—Transcription	
Tannhauser!.....	<i>Wagner</i>
Francis W. Barton, J. Vic. O'Brien, F. F. Dukette.	
Vocal Duet—"Till We Meet Again".....	<i>Bailey</i>
Adolph L. Fera, Horace A. Wilson.	
Concert Waltz—"The Bells".....	<i>Preston</i>
University Mandolin Orchestra.	

#### Part II.

Overture—Philopatrians Yorke.....	<i>Preston</i>
University Orchestra.	
Violin Solo—7th Concerto.....	<i>De Beriot</i>
Mr. F. Ingersoll—Accompanist, Mr. W. H. Sefton.	
Contralto Solo—"Angel's Serenade".....	<i>Braga</i>
Mrs. Dr. C. Butterworth, Flute—Mr. F. Ingersoll.	
Soprano Solo—Aria from Lucia de Lammermoor.	
Mrs. Mathews—Accompanist, Mr. W. H. Sefton.	
Finale—"Jolly Miners March".....	<i>Wellman</i>
University Orchestra.	

—At the request of the Criticism Class Dr. O'Malley kindly consented to complete the course of lectures on the "Divina Commedia." On Wednesday evening in the Botany room of Science Hall he read the lecture on the "Paradiso" before the classes of Criticism and Belles-Lettres and many others, who are interested in

Dante. Of the three this was, perhaps, the most interesting lecture; it was certainly the most soul-inspiring. He described in a few graphic sentences the construction of Dante's Heaven, and proceeded from the first circle to the tenth, or Empyrean, by vivid descriptions. The lecture was profusely illustrated by stereopticon views of pictures from Doré, Fra Angelico and others. One of the most interesting pictures was that from a wood-carving by Andrea della Robbia, which represents the meeting of Sts. Francis d'Assisi and Dominic. We hope Dr. O'Malley will tell us more about Dante. His classes wish to return him grateful acknowledgments for his kindness.

#### ATHLETIC NOTES.

Hand-ball is all the rage in Sorin Hall. Patsy finds it very convenient for him to start his athletes on light training for the spring field-day. Should any gentleman from Brownson Hall wish to see the game we promise him that it is perfectly safe to act as spectator; but should anyone wish to take a hand, well, that's different. He may need a backer.

It is gratifying to see the candidates for the Varsity taking such an interest in baseball and trying each for himself to get a place on the team. We expect great things from Captain Brown and his men this spring and hope that our expectations will be satisfied.

The home plate on the Varsity diamond was moved to its new resting-place Tuesday, with impressive ceremonies. The master of ceremonies took up a collection, receiving from the large audience many valuable offerings, such as collar-buttons, pennies, thumb-tacks, tooth-picks, stubs of lead-pencils, etc., etc. These were peacefully laid to rest in a small tin box beneath the square white stone as offerings to the gods of chance that the new diamond would be the scene of many victories.

Last Thursday the Carroll Specials, although a previous defeat had dampened their spirits somewhat, were confident of victory when they played the Specials of St. Joseph's Hall. The game was interesting, but the playing, especially by the Carrolls, was weak. The work of Grady, Singler, Cort and Sullivan for the winning side, however, was meritorious. The score at the end of the game stood 12 to 3 in favor of the St. Joseph's Specials. Next!

The following is the make-up of the ex-Juniors nine: J. Brown, (Iowa), Catcher; J. Ducey, Pitcher; Rauch, Short Stop; L. Healy, 1st Base; Fitzpatrick, 2d Base; McCarrick, 3d Base; Farley, Left Field; W. W. O'Brien, Centre Field; Duperier, Right Field; Substitutes, Fox, Wallace, Moran and Barry. This team played a game with the Carroll Specials last Monday. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood 20 to 4 in favor of the ex-Juniors. At present, Ducey is Captain of this team. He is making a schedule of games and challenges all comers.

Candidates for the team of '96 have been practising under the care of Capt. Brown, ever since the warm weather began. That we shall have a first class team is beyond the possibility of a doubt. Capt. Brown is playing with his old time agility, and the other players, considering that most of them are new men, are doing well. Kelly is doing splendidly at first base, and will very likely hold down that bag, though McCarthy is giving him a rub for the place. Gibson and Sauter are fighting gamely for second base. Gibson is a first-class fielder—quick and cool-headed, though a weak batsman. Sauter appears to be a good reliable man, and is improving day by day. He is, moreover, a fair batter, and with good conscientious work, ought to give Gibson a hard tussle for the position. Hindel, Burns and Dukette are the candidates for short-field. Burns played on the '94 team and has a good record. He is, however, not practising much, and this may work against him. Hindel is working hard for the place. He is a quick fielder and not a weak batter. One thing that militates against him is his fancy work. His fielding, throwing, and catching would be surer, were he to leave off his extra flourishes. Capt. Brown will very likely cover third base. There are numerous candidates for the outfield. Daly stands a good show for left, as his fielding is irreproachable and of the outfielders he is the surest thrower. Follen, a new man, is not doing badly either. "Shamus" O'Brien or Hesse will play centre. Both have an equal chance for the place, and it is too early to judge which of them is doing the better. Persevering work will tell in their case, as in that of all the other players. Right field lies between Dreher, R. Monahan and Goeke. Dreher played only one game here and showed up remarkably well considering that fact. His *forte* seems to be batting. If his first showing is a criterion to go by and he practises daily, he ought to get the place. The team as a whole, is made up of good fielders, but weak batsmen. And sure, safe batting on the part of any candidate will give him the place, though his fielding be not above the ordinary. Monahan and Goeke are both weak batters, but hard work may develop them. Murphy is doing finely behind the bat, but Campbell wants the place. As yet, chances seem to favor the former. Joe Smith will in all likelihood do the twirling.

Some criticism has been expressed regarding the base running. Coaches are not kept on the lines, etc. Capt. Brown should see that a coach is always on deck at first and third base. Good coaching is conducive to vim-getting, and the boys should get practice in that line. Every man should play as conscientiously in a practice game as in a match game, for it is only the careful player that will make the team. No player need consider that he has a "cinch" on any position. The above survey of the candidates is given from opinions formed from recent practice.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Barrett, Bryan, Cavanagh, Costello, Eyanson, Gaukler, Gallagher, Lastry, Mulberger, Marmon, McNamara, Magruder, McManus, McDonough, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace, Wilson.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Blackman, Bowlin, Berthelet, Brucker, E. Campbell, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Clendenin, Crane, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Confer, Delaney, M. Daly, Duperier, Dukette, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Farrell, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Geoghegan, Galen, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, L. Wurzer, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, Henry, Hinde, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Menig, McGinnis, McCarty McCarrick, McPhee, McCormack, McGuire, Niezer, F. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, Oldshue, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Schermerhorn, Smith, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tuhey, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, R. Wilson.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Franey, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Fischer, Frank, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Girardi, Hermann, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hays, Healy, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonak, Keefe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, L. Meagher, Mulcare, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Sanford, Saul, Schaffhauser, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Weadock, Webb, Zaehnle.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullene, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. Clark, G. Davis, B. Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, S. Fielding, N. Freeman, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, L. Hammer, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weidner, F. Welch, G. Wilde, L. Weber.